

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND., FEBRUARY 28, 1856.

NO. 16.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
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Marshall County Democrat

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Selected Poetry.

THE OLD HOME.

BY GLEN WYLLIE.

Fain would I visit once again
My native, sunny hills;
Would wander o'er the meadows green,
And by the laughing rills.
Would roam again, the dark wild wood,
Where oft in happy hours,
With gay young friends in mirthful mood,
We culled the brightest flowers.

In fancy now, I'm carried back
To other, happier years,
And along life's devious track,
A world of smiles and tears.
The valleys green are all unchanged,
And 'e'en the giant trees
Still tower aloft, and thro' them plays
The perfumed evening breeze.

But stranger forms are wandering there,
No welcome greets my ear,
And sad heart I turn away,
To hide a transient tear.
I turn away in mournfulness,
From strange enquiring eyes,
And bend my footsteps where I know
A loved and lost one lies.

The willow droops above the grave,
And through its quivering leaves,
The zephyr sighs as if it too,
In sorrow with me grieves.
I thought I'd find loved friends, but ah!
The marble rears its head,
Their names are there, but they alas!
Are numbered with the dead.

A NEW SONG.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Thank God for pleasant weather!
Chant it, merry rill!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank Him, humming valley!
Thank Him, faithful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God of Good the giver,
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, oh tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.
Thank Him, but not the blinding!
As you sun and wind!
Made in thanksgiving
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!
Universal nature
Rejoice in her birth,
When God in dearest weather,
Smiles upon the earth!

JULIETTE DUPONCEAU.

A Tale of the Battle of New Orleans.

BY BEN. FERLEY POORE.

Christmas Eve in the Crescent city!—
Joyously has the natal night of civilized
faith been celebrated in the metropolis of
Louisiana since it received the name of the
dissolute Regent of France from the French
pioneer settlers. Other races have aided
in populating the crescent curve of the tur-
bid 'fa her of waters,' and the hand of in-
novation has leveled the old cathedral of
St. Louis, whose time-honored bells long
rang forth the merry Christmas chim-
es—the descendants of Saxon and of Celt,
of Puritans and of Huguenot, cordially
celebrate the advent of him who brought peace
on earth and good will to men.

There was one Christmas eve, however,
(that of 1814) when war clouds dimmed
the enjoyment of the New Orleans holiday
festivities. It had that day been handed
out that a large British force had been
landed not many miles distant, bent on the
conquest of the Crescent City. This had been
anticipated, and the whole population flew
to arms. The streets were filled with the
brave Kentuckian sharpshooters, dressed
in a semi-savage garb, and carrying their
heavy rifles, while occasionally would pass
a body of regular troops, or a corps of vol-
unteer French residents, many of them old
soldiers of Napoleon's victorious armies.
Mounted volunteer adjutants galloped about
with orders, and the more timid sought
consolation in the placards containing the
proclamation of the indomitable com-
mander-in-chief, who assured them that the
British can never enter New Orleans while
Andrew Jackson is in command of its de-
fenders.

As the evening advanced, a large house
in the first municipality was brilliantly light-
ed up and filled with gaily dressed guests.
It was the residence of one of the old French
inhabitants, Pierre Duponceau, the owner
of three valuable plantations near the city,
which, in due time, would become the
property of his lovely daughter, Juliette,
the presiding genius of his festivities. Her
disposition was naturally mirthful, but on
that night a shade of melancholy on her
high brow gave a saddened expression to
her countenance.

Two festival was in honor of her betroth-
ment to a man whom she does not love. True,
he was wealthy, well connected, and ranked
among the first citizens of Louisiana,
but Juliette knew also that he was avaricious,
ill-tempered, and old enough to be her
father. Born in London, he came to

New Orleans as a cabin boy—now, the
name of John Teal was good for half a mil-
lion of dollars, and Monsieur Duponceau
had received him as the suitor of his daugh-
ter.

One visitor alone had been welcomed to
the fair hostess with a smile, while the rich
current of her heart sent its crimson tide
across in countenance. Yet he, strange
to say, offered no congratulation, and look-
ed grave as he addressed some common-
place remarks, although there was a bright
look of earnest inquiry in his clear blue
eyes. It was Egbert Livingston, a gallant-
looking, young lieutenant in the United
States artillery, who had been stationed at
New Orleans about a year. Having been
frequently in company with Juliette Du-
ponceau, he had made a deep impression
upon her heart, and now, even upon the
evening of her betrothal, his coming
made the rose tints mantle her classical
features, and her heavy eye-lashes quiver
with emotion, as if an electric current had
passed from Egbert's eye into her own.

As the young officer gazed on her charms,
hope and love struggled in his troubled
soul with doubt and fear, and he fancied
that he was hoarding his affections like a
misser, secure from even the observation of
others. In this he was mistaken, for the
way Teal watched with a jealous eye, and
soon determined that she must be removed
from the society of Lieutenant Livingston.
The other guests, bent on their own enjoy-
ment, followed the solicitations of the host,
who was urgent in pressing his good cheer
upon their acceptance. The guests were
almost all of French descent, and easily
forgot the threatened capture of the city in
their jovial merriment. Just before mid-
night, however, a staff officer entered an-
nouncing:

"Welcome, my dear Livingston," said
Monsieur Duponceau; "I had given up all
hopes of seeing you here, for I heard you
had been appointed aide to Gen. Jackson.
And supposed, in taking up Stephen's
tactics in place of the civil code, you would
forget your old friends."

"Nay," replied Col. Livingston, "it is to
aid in the defence of old friends that I
have laid down the toga for a staff uni-
form."

"Don't alarm the ladies," interrupted
Teal, in a sneering tone, "The English will
commit no depredations, and I have as good
an opinion of John Bull as I have of Broth-
er Jonathan."

"Silence, sir, if you please," sternly re-
plied Col. Livingston, "were Gen. Jackson to
hear you talk so, your head would not be
worth a stalk of sugar cane. But I must
leave you, friend Duponceau, for I only
came in search of one of our most reliable
officers, Lieut. Livingston. He is my
namesake, and I should feel proud to call
him my relative."

All eyes were turned towards Egbert
who blushed as he said:
"Me, sir?"
"Yes, Lieutenant, Gen. Jackson wishes
you for special duty, and my orderly has
led a horse for you at the door. Your
health, mademoiselle Juliette. Come, Lieu-
tenant," and ere Juliette was able to recover
from her surprise, the sounds of the horses
hoofs were heard retreating in the distance.
She was alone.

"Duponceau," said Teal, with a look of
intense satisfaction, as he saw the last
guest depart, "let us get our horses and
set out for your plantation on the Bayou
St. Jean. The city will soon become a
barrack, and is no place for your daughter
now."

"But are not the British coming in that
direction?"

"Never mind! to tell the you truth, I have
a safeguard, and have not half the fear of
the British that I have of this Gen. Jackson
and his rickmen."

Just as the sun rose a party left Mon-
sieur Duponceau's house on horseback.—
Teal rode by the side of Juliette, but her
brief answers to his many remarks showed
that her heart was elsewhere. Once did
she betray interest, and that was by his
predicting the defeat of the Americans if
they offered resistance.

"Americans conquered!" exclaimed Juli-
ette. "Never! They may be repulsed, driv-
en back for a time, but they never can be
conquered!" Then thinking that Egbert
would be in the fray, she pictured to her-
self the sanguinary contest, upon the events
of which her future happiness or misery
must depend. It was early noon when they
reached their journey's end, where, to their
surprise, they found the British army. Gen.
Packenham having his headquarters at
Monsieur Duponceau's house. Through
some influence brought to bear by Teal,
they were permitted to occupy a few rooms,
and the English General issued an order
having them dine with him, an invitation
which Monsieur Duponceau felt was a com-
mand, and urged his daughter to accept. She
reluctantly accompanied him to the table.

The conversation soon became general, and
her attention was arrested by an account
of the capture of a spy, only a few hours
previous.
"Well," remarked a young lieutenant, "as
I am in the artillery, and may be sent to
reconnoitre myself, I can but sympathize
with the poor fellow, but the General says
he must remember Andre."
"So he will be shot?" carelessly enquired
a captain of dragoons.
"I imagine so. Suppose we send him a
bottle of wine, for that summer house must
be a dreary place for a man to pass the last
night of his lifetime in. Wonder if he is any
relation to the Livingston who was Yankee
minister in Paris?"
Juliette had heard enough. Egbert Liv-
ingston was certainly a prisoner, condemn-
ed to death! Pleading a headache as an
excuse, she left the table and retired to her
own room, where old Cato, a trusty family
servant, was summoned. When he had
gone, and she was left alone, she sat at a
window which commanded a view of the
summer house, in that state of mind which
all true hearts have experienced. One idea
ruled in her every faculty, and guarded
her every thought. The watchword was:
"Egbert must be free!"

It was too true that the young officer,
sent by Gen. Jackson to reconnoitre, had
been captured so far within the lines of the
British, that he had been tried as a spy,
and condemned to a traitor's death. Imprisoned
in one of those large summer houses
peculiar to Louisiana, with no hope of es-
cape, he endeavored to pass his life in re-
view, that he might prepare for his fate.

But the fair form of Juliette Duponceau
ever rose before him and at last, as night
approached, he fell into that uneasy slum-
ber which crowds one-half the mind with
chimerical dreams, but leaves the other half
confusedly alive to a waking sense of sur-
rounding objects. While in this state, al-
most unable himself to decide whether he
was awake or asleep, he saw a female fig-
ure enter by a concealed door. Starting up
from his couch, he breathlessly watched
until the intruder entered a zone of moon-
light that streamed across the floor, and
then sprang to his feet. There could be
no mistaking the form and features of Juli-
ette, but she, placing her tiny hand upon
his mouth, checked his utterance. "Hush,
and follow me," she whispered, in a tremu-
lous voice.

Imprinting an ardent kiss upon the hand
so fairly presented ere it could be with-
drawn, Egbert followed his guide through
the side door which led into a conservatory,
and from thence they went into the garden.
Traversing its broad parterres, they almost
encountered a party of promenaders, who
had left the dinner table to smoke in the
open air. Fortunately, there was a large
clump of like bushes near by, behind which
Juliette dragged her companion with almost
superhuman energy, and where they were
perfectly concealed from observation. The
promenaders were Gen. Packenham and
Teal, with the aids of the former, who was
evidently unfolding his plans to the Tory.
As they approached the concealed couple,
Teal's eyes gleamed in the moonlight
with a malicious glare, and he remem-
bered.

"Yes, there is no need of waiting for re-
inforcements, for these Kentuckians will
run like sheep. Never fear, your men will
find your watchword 'Beauty and Booty,'
no life watchword, and we, General, will
take the lands. As for—"

No more was heard, and when the group
had passed out of hearing, Juliette whis-
pered "Come! Meeting no other interruption,
they gained the negro quarters, where Cato
stood holding two saddled horses.

"Mount," said Juliette, "and hasten to the
city. Cato knows the cross-roads, and I
pray you may arrive safely."
"But you, Juliette, dear Juliette, can you
not—"

"Drive back the British," interrupted
the noble hearted girl, "and then we will
resume this conversation—Adieu." Then
turning, she returned to her house with a
firm step, although there was a drowsy
brightness in her full eyes, and her heart
beat high with joy. Not many hours after,
Livingston made a report of his adventure
to Gen. Jackson.

"Beauty and Booty, oh!" growled the en-
ergic soldier. "I have promised to keep
these Britishers from New Orleans, and by
the Eternal I shall not come here, though
some of these misers do not deserve any de-
fence."

Need we narrate the preparations for the
deadly struggle of the 8th of January? In
vain did the flower of the British army ap-
proach the low breastwork, along the top
of which a deadly fusillade was poured
from the heavy Kentucky rifles; battalion
after battalion fell by the fire of the sharp-
shooters. Nobly did Gen. Jackson and his
heroic phalanx sustain the honor of the
starry flag beneath which they fought, and
the Crescent was well defended. "Lieuten-
ant Egbert Livingston," said the stern hero
in his report to the President, "not only
distinguished himself by the constant fire
which he kept up from his battery, but was
among the foremost in pursuing the fugi-
tives."

Juliette, in the vicinity of the contest, had
been the victim of an intense excitement.
At length Cato brought the welcome tidings
that the British had been defeated, and in
a few moments a party of horsemen rode
up before the house. As they dismounted,
she recognized in the leader the detested
Teal, and scarcely could she lock her door
ere he knocked at it, demanding admittance.
Juliette made no reply, but sank on her
knees in mute agony, placing her trust in
heavenly power.

Soon other footsteps were heard in the
hall, and then, after a brief scuffle, the well
known voice of Egbert Livingston request-
ed admittance. Rising from her knees, Juli-
ette staggered to the door, unlocked it, and
was caught in the arms of her lover, whose
joy was checked when he saw the ghastly
pallor of her cheeks. But soon her smiles
returned, and when she saw Teal and his
gang carried to Gen. Jackson's headquarters,
her fears were banished, and she felt
her hidden heart-strings vibrate with joy
as he told his love.

Peace was proclaimed, and Egbert Liv-
ingston was honorably discharged from the
military service. Only a few days later he
headed a joyous train that entered the old
cathedral, the bells ringing their merriest
peals, and loud chants of praise sweeping
in triumphant melody to heaven. The
flower of the victorious army graced the
ceremony, and Juliette, before the nuptial
altar, was the object of undisguised admi-
ration.

GENERAL WALKER.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY CAREER
—HIS LOVE AFFAIRS, ETC.

A very general misconception prevails
throughout the country, and especially in
the North, relative to the character, moti-
ves, antecedents, principles, &c., of the
young man who has recently placed him-
self at the head of affairs in Nicaragua.
An intimate friend has supplied us with
information relative to General Walker,
which will no doubt be interesting to our
readers, and may be regarded as authentic.

William Walker is the very reverse of
the character generally assigned to him.
Those who are in the habit of regarding him
as a reckless desperado and adventurer, a
speculator in revolutions, a restless lover
of war, bloodshed, instigated to deeds of
lawless violence by the hope of redeeming
desperate fortunes, or the ambition to fig-
ure before the world in a character, which,
whilst denouncing and reprobated by the
conservative few, never fails to kindle the
enthusiasm and sympathy of the popular
mass of this great, progressive, filibustering
republic.

How astonished would be those who
have formed this idea of Walker's charac-
ter, if they could see, hear, and know the
real man. Except his indomitable courage
Walker lacks every other quality to make
up the desperado and model filibuster. A
small, silent, sedate, meditative, scholarly,
homey man, apparently but little versed
in the practical affairs of the world or in the
knowledge of man; slow, deliberate and
drawing in speech, modest, shrinking and
unimpassioned in his demeanor, he is the
very last man in a hundred millions who
would be picked out as the leader in the
desperate undertakings he has headed. It
is this estimate of Walker's character which
has led so many persons to regard his
present scheme of Anglo-Americanizing
the central States of this continent as wild
and Quixotic.

General William Walker is thirty-three
years of age, and is the son of a highly re-
spectable merchant and president of an in-
surance company in Nashville, Tennessee.
He received an excellent scholastic and
collegiate education, and at an early age
commenced the study of medicine. In the
pursuit of his studies he visited Paris.

On his return home he abandoned the medi-
cal profession and took to that of law, in
which he graduated with distinction, and
proceeded to New Orleans, where he hung
out his sign as attorney and counsellor.—
But the retiring modest manner, and stu-
dious tastes of Walker were not adapted to
the pushing practical habits of the people
of the great Southern mart. He did not
succeed at law, therefore, and requiring
some vent for his "pent up" ideas, connect-
ed himself with the *Crescent* newspaper,
then a new and vigorously conducted jour-
nal. Assisted with J. C. Larue—now
Judge Larue—and with S. F. Wilson, one
of the editors and proprietors of the *Pica-
pique*, Walker soon began to make his mark
in the columns of the *Crescent*. His arti-
cles were characterized by thoughtfulness,
by a conservative spirit, and a supreme
contempt for all demagoguism.

Among his ablest and earliest contribu-
tions to the *Crescent* were certain articles
against the tendency of Americans to in-
vade the territory of their neighbors, and
in ridicule of the designs of the filibusters.
A fierce controversy on this theme arose
between Walker of the *Crescent* and Walk-
er of the *Delta*, the latter being the first
of the filibuster journalists in the South. The

conservative tone of the *Crescent* nearly
destroyed that journal, and necessitated
the retirement of Walker, who emigrated
to San Francisco. Before this event, how-
ever, being involved in a personal quarrel
with the editor of the Spanish paper *La
Patria*, he proceeded to the office of the
editor and severely flogged him. In San
Francisco Walker soon attracted notice, as
one of the editors of that very pugnacious
journal, the *San Francisco Herald*, got in-
to a quarrel with one of the Judges, was
imprisoned for contempt; impeached the
Judge before the Legislature, displaying
great ability and eloquence in the conduct
of the prosecution, and fought a duel with
one of the Judges' friends. After several
other scrapes, in all of which Walker man-
ifested great coolness and determination,
we next find him at the head of a hundred
wild youths, proceeding to conquer an em-
pire from Mexico. The very desperation
of the enterprise contributed to the suc-
cess, which for some time, crowned Walk-
er's efforts. He achieved several victori-
es over greatly superior Mexican forces,
and inspired them with such a fear of his
rifles and revolvers that they would never
come within shooting distance of his little
party, but hung on his rear, and cut off
his communications. The indomitable
spirit and intense earnestness of Walker
sustained him through all the suffering
and perils which beset him in the desper-
ate straits into which he was driven. With
his score of ragged shoeless men—or rather
boys—from San Francisco and New Or-
leans, he continued to issue proclamations
bearing the signature of William Walker,
President of the Republic of Lower Califor-
nia. The world regarded this as a laugh-
able joke, mere bagatelle, but Walker was
in earnest. Indeed, earnestness and seri-
ousness are his prominent traits. He is a
man who never laughs or jokes, and is in-
sensible to ridicule or sarcasm. Finally,
Walker, being reduced to starvation, and
having but six men to follow him, retired,
like Marshall Ney before the Cossacks,
with his face to the foe, and arrived safely
in California. His subsequent career is too
fresh in the minds of our readers to justify
an extension of this article by the detail of
his wonderful victories, escapes, reverses,
and final success, and concluding a long
and bloody revolution in a State containing
a half million of people, and establishing
amid the ruin and chaos of centuries of
misrule and evil strife, a solid and real
and civil strife, a solid and real govern-
ment. For the task thus assumed by him
Walker possesses great fitness. He is stu-
dious, deliberate, intelligent, and well in-
formed. Secretary Marcy and President Pierce
will soon discover that he is fully as well
read in international law and history as
they are. Walker's ambition, too, has
none of the taint of the speculator and ego-
tist. He despises money, and has a great
distaste for the dissipations, and pleasures
and indulgences of our Southern youths.
He is equally ignorant of cards and cock-
tails, cigars and cognac. He is in fact a
man of intellect and sentiment; of a high
and lofty ambition. To create a new re-
public, composed of the five States of Cen-
tral America, is his aim, and he will reach
it, in spite of the opposition of Marcy and
the abolitionists.

The history of General Walker, like that
of all men of mark, is not free from the
romance of love as well as that of war.—
Whilst a law student in New Orleans, he
conceived a warm attachment for a very
interesting young lady who was born deaf
and dumb. She had been well educated,
and was of very engaging manners. Her
misfortune drew towards her the sym-
pathies and regard of all tender-hearted per-
sons. With his characteristic originality
and peculiarity of feeling and sentiment,
Walker became warmly enamored of this
young lady. She reciprocated his regard,
and for a time they were ever happy un-
less together. He soon acquired a knowl-
edge of her signs, and they conversed with
great facility, the medium of their conver-
sation no doubt adding zest to their enjoy-
ment. At last some slight misunderstanding
interrupted their intercourse, and be-
fore a reconciliation could be effected, the
young lady died. This event gave a tinge
of melancholy to the thoughts and charac-
ter of Walker. Perhaps, as many of his
friends thought, it produced the great
change in his character which ensued—a
change from the quiet modest student to
the bold, daring, dauntless, revolutionist
and warrior.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TO A TATER.

Oh, Irish fruit, how well you suit
The cause of "human nature!"
What now is there that can compare
With thee, oh, floury tater?

Kidney or round, I will be bound
You'll stand old hunger's racket;
Sometimes in hash, sometimes a mash,
And sometimes in your jacket.

How oft have I beheld the maids
Your shiny kiverings peeling;
With pitted knives dig out your eyes,
As if you had no feeling;

Or on a grater rub you, tater,
Like any other United States.

Increase of Crime, Decline of Religion, and the Cause Thereof.

It is undoubtedly true that crime has in-
creased at least two-fold, in nearly all the
States, in the last five years. During the
same period, Christianity, in most of the
old States has been at a perfect standstill.
In the city of New York, we are reliably
informed, there are not so many Christian
communicants outside of the Catholic
church as there were ten years ago, and al-
most everywhere else the same or similar
results are shown by undoubted statistics,
and admitted by the highest authority in
the churches.

Something has produced these results;
and there can be no harm, we think, in in-
quiring what it is. If Christianity really
possesses the beauties and virtues attrib-
uted to it, and vice is really the hideous
monster that moralists and poets have
painted it, how comes it that Christianity
is declining, and vice increasing? As citi-
zens, if not as Christians, we have a right
to ask this question; for the community
and the State are alike interested in it. It
is our right to answer it, also, if we are
willing to submit our answer to the scrutiny
and criticism of both the political and
religious communities.

We say, then, in the exercise of this
right that the present deplorable state of
things, can be attributed, with perfect jus-
tice, to this single fact—that for the last
ten years the constant tendency in the moral
and religious